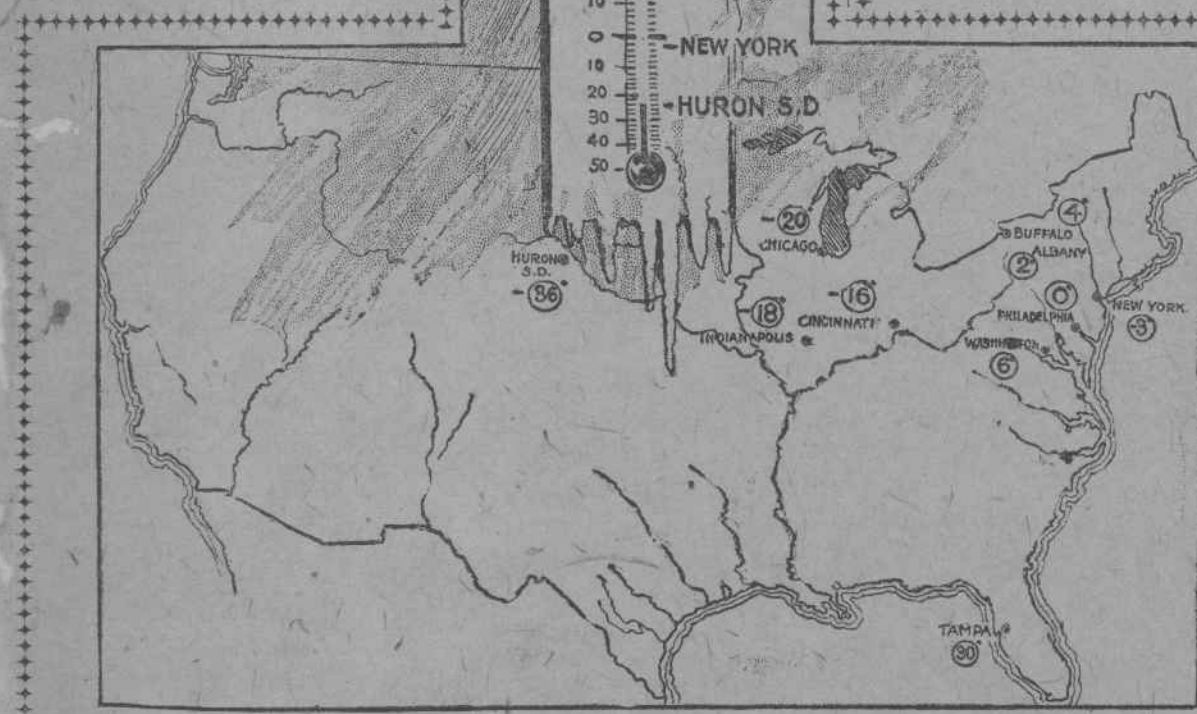


ZERO COLD GRIPS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY AS FAR SOUTH AS TAMPA, A FIERCE GALE RAGES OVER NEW YORK, FIRE-FURIOUS FIRE. MEN FROZEN FIGHTING A

Sixty Miles an Hour Hurricane Sweeps Water Out of the Bay.

VESSELS GO AGROUND.

Lowest Tide in Many Years. Much Damage on the Long Island Shores.



Jack Frost Was President of the United States Yesterday.

His throne was in Huron, S. D., but his frigid forces held the whole country in subjection, even freezing the water at Tampa.

Forecast for to-day: Continued cold and fair.

In accordance with the prediction of the Weather Bureau the cold wave, said to be following in the rear of the big storm of Tuesday night, like the tail of a comet, struck the city with terrific force, and brought with it the lowest temperature known on a parallel date since February 9, 1875, when the thermometer dropped to one degree below zero.

The severity of the weather resulted in deaths in New York City and vicinity. Scores of persons were taken to hospitals badly frozen, while cases of frost bite were innumerable.

The highest actual velocity was sixty miles an hour; ferry boats were blocked, and traffic generally was impeded, and the tide at the Battery was the lowest known for years. The few incoming steamers looked like icebergs.

Official figures give the maximum temperature during the day at 5 above at 3 p. m., and the lowest at 3 below zero at 7:30 a. m.

Deaths from the Cold.

Doland, William, of No. 75 Jackson street, Paterson, N. J., found frozen on the steps of his home.

Fields, John, of Paterson, N. J., a truckman, found frozen to death on the seat of his vehicle on the river road, near Little Falls, N. J.

Matthews, Peter, of West Orange, N. J., a hunchback, found frozen in his hat and taken to the Orange Memorial Hospital, where he died. He was seventy-four years of age. From motives of economy he had no fire in his dwelling.

Smith, Joseph, of Barre, Vt., driver of a delivery wagon, his horse killed in a snow drift and Smith's curled up in the wagon and went to sleep. He died from a cold and died before he could be revived.

Unknown man, found at Broadway and Twenty-sixth street; died at New York Hospital.

New Yorkers who had no thermometers yesterday morning did not have to consult those who had to find out that it was cold. Red noses, purple faces and frost-bitten ears told the story.

It was thirty-six degrees colder than on January 9 last, and when the Weather Bureau predicted a cold wave its prophets did not say how cold it would be, and no one was prepared for what he really got.

If the well-to-do, with comfortable homes, suffered, the misery among the poor, the ill-clad, the homeless was unspeakable. The records of those dead and the list of the sufferers taken to the hospitals, some of whom will doubtless not recover, tell their own story.

The suffering, judging from the list of fatalities in the vicinity of New York City, was even more severe than in the city itself. In comparison with the number of sufferers.

The wind, which at 11 o'clock in the morning was blowing at a rate of about forty-five miles an hour, hit it up to a mile a minute and at noon, while the mercury began to float around the zero point, getting as low as two above. In the afternoon the wind velocity changed from time to time, averaging about forty-five miles an hour, with an occasional gust up to sixty.

At the Battery old boatmen said they had not seen the tide so low for years. The fierce northwest wind blew the water back, until at noon, when there is usually twelve feet of water, there was only half that depth. The fireboats grounded and

GRIPS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY AS FAR SOUTH AS TAMPA,

THREE BELOW ZERO.

The following is the Weather Bureau's official report of the temperature in this city yesterday:

1:00 a. m.	14 above
5:00 a. m.	1 above
6:00 a. m.	zero
7:00 a. m.	1 below
7:30 a. m.	2 below
8:00 a. m.	2 below
9:00 a. m.	1 above
Noon	2 above
3:00 p. m.	5 above
5:00 p. m.	4 above
9:00 p. m.	2 above
Midnight	zero

There Were Odd Things in the Storm, Some Distressing and Others Quite Laughable.

DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS FROZEN.

CASTELANO CRANEIRO, a native of Italy and accustomed to cold weather, came over from Brooklyn yesterday afternoon and walked up Broadway. In front of No. 444 he braced himself against a door and gave vent to piteous cries. A policeman of the Madison street station gathered Craneiro in, deeming him a maniac, when, as a matter of fact, the hands and ears of the Italian were badly frozen and he did not know it. He was thawed out in the station house and sent home.

WALKED STREETS UNTIL STIFF WITH COLD.

JOSEPH NOSMADIE, a negro, has no home. He walked the streets downtown all Wednesday night, slowly freezing to death. Hurrying pedestrians to whom he appealed for aid paid no attention to him. A policeman of the Oak street station took him out of the cold and sent him to Governor Hospital. He is badly frozen.

COLD WATER DOUCHE CRAZED HIM.

CHARLES YOUNG, a plumber, who lives at No. 252 Avenue A, was made insane by an involuntary ice water bath he took yesterday afternoon in a cellar at No. 123 Eighth avenue. He was at work on a frozen water pipe when it broke. Cold water drenched him, and people who came to his assistance found him violent and insane. Seven men had all they could do to hold him while awaiting an ambulance from Bellevue. He is in the insane pavilion and will recover when he thaws out.

DISROBED BY HIS OPERA HAT.

FRANK A. KELLOGG, an Assistant District Attorney, of New Haven, Conn., came to New York to the opera on Wednesday night in all the glory of his evening dress. On the way to the Grand Central Station he got lost. He stopped off at the East Sixty-seventh street station, became aware of the disrobing act. He took Nolan to the station house, where magnetic work restored him from the trappid condition generated by his attempt to sleep in the street. Magistrate Deuel fined him \$10 in Yorkville Court yesterday morning.

DISROBED IN THE STREET.

PATRICK NOLAN, of No. 1611 Second avenue, while on his way home from a party, became impressed with the idea that it was bedtime at the corner of Lexington avenue and Seventy-second street. Divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat and shirt he sat down on a snowdrift near Vanderbilt avenue and Forty-second street early yesterday morning. Under the hat he found Mr. Kellogg, freezing to death rapidly. There was a cut on top of his head. He was thawed into a limpid condition at the Grand Central station, taken to Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning and released by Magistrate Deuel.

CIGAR FROZEN TO HIS WHISKERS.

HAROLD SCHILLARD, of No. 295 Third avenue, started celebrating the victory of General Otis at Manila on Sunday night. He wound up his celebration on a sidewalk at East Twenty-second street, where Policeman Kahn found him with a cigar frozen fast to his whiskers. When resuscitated in the station house he learned that the policeman for the loss of his cigar. In the Police Court yesterday morning he was very bitter against the Philistine because they wear no clothes and fight with bows and arrows. It cost him \$10.

READ NEWSPAPER IN A SNOWDRIFT.

CHARLES DUNN, of No. 264 Seventh avenue, sat down on a sidewalk near his home on Wednesday night, hunched his back against a lamp-post and began reading an evening paper. He rapidly solidified, and when a policeman found him he was frozen stiff with the paper a few inches from his face. Fortunately he was discovered before his thirst for knowledge had entirely refrigerated him. A ten-dollar fine rewarded his studious habits.

FORGOT WHERE HE LIVED.

JOHN MITCHELL, of No. 247 West Twenty-sixth street, did not find his home in the snow. He went up the steps of a house in which he did not live and rang the landlord's bell until he fell asleep. A policeman found him peacefully leaning against the building with his index finger frozen to the bell push. His carelessness in forgetting where he lived cost him \$10 in the Police Court.

SLEPT IN A SNOWDRIFT.

JAMES MORRIS, a laborer, living in Longwood avenue, in the Borough of the Bronx, was walking homeward on the tracks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in the night of the storm, when he slipped off the track and rolled over the side. He could not get back. When a trackwalker found him he was almost buried in snow. He was taken to Fordham Hospital, where energetic work saved his life. His condition is not serious.

COLD CLOSED A HIGH SCHOOL.

NEWARK'S (N. J.) High School is in a barren flat away toward the East Orange line. So exposed is the situation that many of the children succumbed to the cold on their way to school yesterday, and relief expeditions were organized by the teachers. Immense Chalk, Louise Lauer and Miss K. Blawie were badly frozen. It was necessary to dismiss the school early in the day because the furnace was unable to keep up the temperature in the eighty rooms.

Woman Insane Through the Cold.

In the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital a handsome, well-dressed young woman who may have become temporarily insane by exposure to the intense cold. The young woman, who she is Ada Baker, and that is all the information she can give. Policeman Balke, of the Mercer street station, found her wandering up and down Broadway and staring at the tops of the houses. She had evidently been there for some time, as she was numb from the cold. Balke spoke to her and she gazed vacantly at him.

"Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!" she cried. "Where do you live?" She muttered, something Balke could not understand, and then said she thought she lived in Brooklyn, but she did not remember in what street. At the station she said her parents lived in Lafayette avenue.

At Bellevue the physicians said she was suffering from aphasia, caused by the cold, and would recover soon. She wore a handsome fur trimmed coat and black skirt.

tering 15 degrees below. It is almost a day and a night travel from Dubuque, Iowa, to St. Louis, Mo., and the coldest place hereabouts, the temperature in Dubuque was 29 degrees below, and in St. Louis it was 19 below. People were freezing to death on the streets of the Missouri metropolis, a most unusual condition of affairs.

Out in poor old Chicago the weather got so cold that the water mains froze. In the suburbs thermometers registered 20 degrees below zero, and the Weather Bureau thermometer got to the 25 below mark.

1872. Down Cincinnati way, just across from Kentucky, it was 16 degrees below yesterday in the heart of the city. It was 10 degrees below zero in Pittsburg, and up in the gas well country machinery froze up, cutting off heating facilities from many towns and causing much suffering.

Philadelphia experienced zero weather yesterday morning for the first time in two years.

Up in New York State, while it was very cold, the records attained by the thermometer came nowhere near those of the Western cities. Along the line of the New York Central Railroad the average

temperature was about 10 degrees below zero, which has been beaten frequently during the season. Winter, Nyack, was the coldest place hereabouts, the temperature registering 15 degrees below zero there. There is great sleighing all over the State, every ice house is full and the ponds and lakes are frozen over to a depth of ten inches.

New England reports no extraordinarily cold weather. The average through the State of Connecticut was 2 below zero. The coldest place in that State was Danbury, where reliable thermometers produced records of 10 degrees below. New York was about the coldest town along the coast, and the warmest place was Tampa, Fla., where 20 degrees—2 below freezing point—was registered.

Held for Uttering a False Note.

William H. Rathbone, who has carried on business at No. 19 Park place under the name of the Royal Chemical Company, was held in \$1,000 bail in the County Court yesterday afternoon for uttering a charge of issuing a false note for \$222.75. The note is signed by John E. O'Brien, treasurer of the company, and the complainant was John D. Hall of the Universal Bag Company, of Trenton, N. J.

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JOURNAL.



Ice-Coated Firemen Fighting Flames in Whitehall Street.

As they poured water on the blazing block it fell back in great stalactites of ice, froze on their coats and helmets, and rendered their work doubly difficult.

Firemen Fought Fierce Flames for Eight Hours with Water That Fell Back on Them and Froze Upon Their Coats and Helmets.

With a fierce gale blowing and the thermometer below zero, one of the worst fires that New York has seen for many years nearly destroyed the block bounded by Front, Moore, South and Whitehall streets yesterday morning. The firemen also fought a fierce blaze in Williamsburg at dawn.

The firemen worked under tremendous disadvantages, sticking to their posts when covered with solid ice. Many were frozen, but remained on duty, refusing to yield their places until they dropped.

In both instances the firemen, after hard fighting, got the flames under control.

The Injured.

Blair, Bernard C.—Shoulder fractured; taken to Eastern Hospital. **Crocker, Frank**, Assistant Fire Chief—Ears frozen. **Finley, E.**, fireman, Patrol No. 1—Hands and arms frozen. **McGowan, Joseph**, fireman, Patrol No. 1—Hands and arms frozen. **Walsh, John J.**, fireman—Hands, feet and arms frozen.

With the thermometer at 3 degrees below zero at 7:45 o'clock yesterday morning on the coldest day of the winter, fire started in the bag factory of Walter & Bell, Nos. 1 and 3 Front street. In less than three hours the entire block bounded by Front, Whitehall, South and Moore streets, was an ice-encased ruin. From every building hung huge stalactites of ice many feet thick, and the whole fronts of buildings reproduced in miniature of frozen Niagara, over which had flowed the flood of water from many engines and had frozen before it reached the ground.

The Assistant Chief Frank Crocker declared it to be the worst fire in his long experience. Firemen were frozen, whose hands were still holding the lines against the burning buildings; ladders encased with ice became a part of the wall on which they rested; slipping and sliding on the roofs, many of the fire fighters were badly bruised; one was seriously injured. He fell from the number seven of a cornice opposite the burning fire down a ladder, the rungs of which were ice. The water mains were clogged with ice, and the great pipes, and for a time men fought only with axes and hand grenades.

One hundred and fifty women employed in Walter & Bell had been working in the factory before the fire broke out. They escaped from the flames. Some, led by one of their comrades, Maggie Gates, climbed the stairs, and every one of them was saved, jumped over the coping to safety. Others followed the forewoman, Anna Mahoney, and dashed through the blinding smoke to the street.

Firemen Like Men of Ice. It was a fire the like of which in picturesque details New York has seldom seen. While the firemen fought it—frozen, frostbitten, numbed by the zero weather, made even more bitter by the gale that swept through Whitehall street—around the elevated railroad steps and on the streets opposite the burning block and watched the men, moving like snakes of ice in some swiftly flowing stream, covered from head to foot with a mantle of ice, their beards stiff and their faces ashen white from the cold, struggle desperately against the onward march of the flames.

Time and again, when it was thought that the blaze was under control, it broke forth in some unexpected corner. Immediately the attention of the firemen was concentrated to that particular spot. The tower was raised, windows smashed and the water poured in until the imperilled block was a mighty flood.

It is not known how the fire originated. Martin Mulvey, a bartender in Short's cafe, No. 6 Front street, was the first to notice the smoke coming from the third floor of Walter & Bell's bag factory. He turned in the alarm, but before the fire companies could respond the flames had spread to No. 5 Front street, and the entire block was threatened.

Mulvey and David Gilday, driver of an ice wagon, rushed to the burning building and warned the women who were at work. They were panic-stricken. Half of them fought their way to the street through the smoke. They owe their lives to the presence of mind of the foreman, Anna Mahoney. The others fled to the roof, and upon the dictation of Maggie Yates they dropped from the roof of the adjoining building to the fire escape. The girls were sent to call out the reserves. Inspector Cross and 108 policemen guarded the block. Assistant Chief Frank Crocker was on the scene at the first alarm, and the fire was fought under his direction. His ears were frozen.

Two fireboats, the Robert A. Van Wrek and the New York, pumped water through their eight and six inch pipes. Bernard C. Blair, a foreman on the Robert A. Van Wrek, was sent to the third floor. He was overcome by the dense smoke that even the wind could not blow from the doomed block. Fireman Stephen, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 10, went to Blair's rescue. Summerhays found him lying on the floor. He carried him down the ladder. It was covered with ice, and Summerhays was nearly frozen. When within fifteen feet

WIND BLEW OUT THE TIDE AND VESSELS GROUNDED.

If the high wind of yesterday had continued New York City might wake up this morning to find all the water blown out of the bay. The wind came at sixty miles an hour from the northwest, and every time the tide made an attempt to advance it was driven back so far that it never did get an opportunity to ebb.

The tide was the lowest boatmen at the Battery have seen for years. Along the Battery wall there should have been twelve feet of water at noon, but there were but five feet and a half.

The keels of the revenue cutters Hudson and Manhattan, tied up at the Government pier, rested on the river bottom. The Hudson stuck. The fire boats at work on the big fire in the kitchen of Henry Loefler, and it is supposed to have been caused by an overheated flue. Loefler and his wife were asleep and were awakened by Richard Wood, a passerby. Mrs. Loefler's screams awoke the other tenants, and all escaped in safety.

Policemen and firemen went through the house warning the tenants. The inmates were panic-stricken and many of them fled into the bitter cold outside in their night clothes. They were cared for by neighbors.

The time the firemen had thawed out the frozen hydrants, the fire had spread to the adjoining building, and was blazing fiercely in Nos. 1505, 1507 and 1511 Gates avenue.

The water froze on the firemen's coats and helmets, and they worked with difficulty. Joseph McGowan, of Engine Company No. 52, was overcome by smoke in No. 1507 Gates avenue. He was carried out by his comrades and sent to St. Catherine's Hospital. John J. Walsh, of Engine Company No. 22, became unconscious from the bitter cold. He was revived by the Government pier, rested on the river bottom. The Hudson stuck. The fire boats at work on the big fire in the kitchen of Henry Loefler, and it is supposed to have been caused by an overheated flue. Loefler and his wife were asleep and were awakened by Richard Wood, a passerby. Mrs. Loefler's screams awoke the other tenants, and all escaped in safety.

COMMISSIONER KELLER ON THE SUFFERING OF THE POOR.

THERE is no suffering of the poor in the institutions controlled by the Department of Public Charities. They are well housed, well fed and well warmed.

There is great suffering, however, among the poor of the city that are not in institutions. They are ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-clothed, and are not prepared in any way to withstand the rigor of the present bitter weather.

There is no way of helping poor people not in public institutions except by private charity. This is due to the law that forbids the Department of Public Charities to give relief to people in their homes.

John C. Keller